

STORY ABOUT TOMMY

It's a cold day in July when any of the Goosenberry family, or anybody else, for that matter, can put something over on Tommy.

"Tommy," said his pa last night, "how many sides has this room got?"

Tommy didn't know whether to figure in the floor and ceiling or not. So he acted as if he didn't hear the question.

"Tommy!" yelled his pa, "how many sides has this room?"

"Two!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Two?" shouted Pa Goosenberry. "What do you go to school for? Do you mean to tell me that this room has only two sides?"

"Sure, pop," chirped Tommy; "an inside and an outside!"

Tommy's pa didn't say anything for quite a while. Then Tommy's dog began barking again and made Mr. Goosenberry mad.

"I wan't you to get rid of that dog, Tommy; do you hear?"

"Yes, pop, I hear," replied Tommy, and then as an afterthought he added, "What'll you give me if I go out right now and get rid of him?"

"I'll give you a dime if you do and a lickin' if you don't," said pa.

Tommy hustled out. About an hour later he came back, stopping in the kitchen on his way in.

"Well, pop, I got rid of the dog."

"I'm glad to hear it," his pa said. "Here's your dime; you've earned it. How did you get rid of him?"

"Why," answered Tommy,

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carefully dropping the dime in his pocket, "I traded him to Skinny Snowden for two yellow pups."

And Tommy had to go right to bed while his pa carried the whining pups from under the kitchen stove to the basement.

Teacher—Now, who can write me a sentence containing the word "gruesome"? Tommy went up to the blackboard, and this is what he wrote: "Dad did not shave fer a week and grew some whiskers."

Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, has a population of more than a million.